

# The New Era

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

VOL. VII. NO. 7.

NEW MARKET, C. W. FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1885.

WHOLE NO. 319

## Business Directory.

**W. MOSLEY,**  
CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT,  
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench,  
Office of Yonge Street,  
Aurora, 25th May, 1885. 11-17

**ALFRED BERRY,**  
HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE,  
AND  
ORNAIMENTAL PAINTER.  
Yonge, April 30, 1885. 11-13

**F. W. BATHURST,**  
TEACHER of Music, Newmarket, C. W. Place  
used to order, in Town or Country, as the  
shortest notice. Residence—House of Mr. Brodie,  
Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1885. 11-31

**J. SAXTON,**  
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street New-  
market. All kinds of Watches and Clocks  
repaired in order, and Warranted.  
Wanted—An Apprentice to learn the Business,  
Newmarket, September 9, 1885. 11-32

**BIBLE DEPOSITORY.**  
BIBLES and Testaments can be had at Society's  
prices, upon application to THOMAS NIXON, at  
the Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel,  
Newmarket, March 26, 1885. 11-10

**GEORGE B. HUTCHCROFT,**  
Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker,  
MAIN STREET NEW MARKET. All Orders executed  
with Despatch.  
Newmarket, Feb. 6, 1885. 11-25

**THE** Underigned respectfully intimates to his  
friends and the public generally that he has  
lately opened a  
WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP,  
In his new premises, Simcoe Street, near the  
Catholic Church, where he will be prepared to  
execute all orders with the greatest care, and  
with the most durable and desirable material.  
Call and examine the work and hear the prices  
before purchasing elsewhere.  
ROBERT MURRAY,  
Newmarket, May 29, 1885. 11-17

**DR. BENTLEY,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,  
NEW MARKET,  
Office—Water Street, foot of Main Street.  
Feb. 20, 1885. 11-3

**Franklin House.**  
Seneca & Ellicott Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.  
PROPRIETORS:  
E. YOUNGLOVE AND G. E. JACKSON.

**Jas. McClure & Henry Croxon,**  
HOLLAND LANSING,  
DECEASED Auctioneers for the Counties  
of York, Ontario and Simcoe. All Or-  
ders promptly attended to.  
11-1

**CONFECTIONERY.**  
Mrs. A. M. Hall  
RESPECTFULLY intimates to the public that  
she will continue to carry on  
CONFECTIONERY BUSINESS,  
In all its branches. Wedding Cakes made to order  
on short notice. Parties supplied on reasonable  
terms. Ginger Beer and Lemonade on hand.  
Newmarket, July 7, 1885. 11-23

**Armstrong Bros.,**  
ADJOINING THE RAILWAY DEPOT!  
And nearest House to the Elton Landing,  
COLLINGWOOD.  
G. W. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETORS.  
July 3, 1885. 11-22

**Just Printed**  
AND for Sale at this Office, by MARRIAGE  
Certificates, adapted to the use of Ministers  
of all Denominations. Price 10 pence, or 6s 3d  
per 100.  
Newmarket, March 26, 1885. 11-1

**MILLINERY.**  
THE MISS VENONS  
HAVING opened a Millinery & Dress-making  
Establishment, nearly opposite the North  
American Hotel, Newmarket, soliciting the patronage  
of the Ladies.  
Newmarket, May 28, 1885. 11-17

**RAILROAD HOL-**  
**NEW MARKET.**  
THE proprietor having again fitted the above  
HOTEL, respectfully intimates to the travelling  
public that the premises have undergone thorough  
repair, and he is now prepared to reception of  
guests. The Hotel contains the best of the best  
kitchen, and the Larder well stocked.  
JAS. RSYTH.  
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1885. 11-37

**G. A. WALLIE,**  
BARBER,  
Two doors North of M. Wagon's Store,  
MAIN STREET NEW MARKET.  
Newmarket, Oct. 22nd, 1885. 11-34

**Newmarket Iron Works.**  
JAMES ALLAN begs to thank for  
past favors, and to intimate that he is pre-  
pared to cast STOVES, SINK KETTLES,  
MACHINE CASTINGS, other articles  
usually required in his line of business.  
A number of SINK KETTLES,  
and STOVES, PLOUGHS, and for sale.  
Newmarket, February 1885. 11-1

**TO THE AFFEED.**  
W. C. HUGHES begs to those who are  
afflicted with Cancer, Scabies or Ticks,  
Neck, and Salt Rheum, that he warrants a cure  
of any of the above mentioned affections. If the  
Medicine gives him, he will be returned.  
Aurora, January 25th, 1885. 11-52

## Business Directory.

**John T. Stokes,**  
ARCHITECT &c, &c, &c, Canada West,  
Sharon, Jan. 25, 1885. 11-31

**GEO. HUGHES,**  
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the  
Queen's Bench, for the Counties of York, Peel  
and Simcoe, Conveyancer, &c, &c,  
Brimleyville, April, 1885. 11-14

**T. Bishop & Son,**  
BRICK-LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone Masons.  
Dealers in Lime, &c, &c,  
Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1885. 11-14

**Dr. E. VERNON,**  
—AURORA—  
RESIDENCE—formerly occupied by Dr. Gie-  
ble.  
Aurora, March 11, 1885. 11-6

**CHARLES MORTIMER, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,  
AURORA. 11-16

**DR. M. RANNEY,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,  
SHARON. 11-16

**A. BOULTBEE,**  
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyan-  
cer, &c, &c, Newmarket.  
Newmarket, Oct. 5th, 1885. 11-36

**R. MOORE,**  
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney,  
Conveyancer, &c, &c, Office in the New Court,  
House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto.  
Toronto, June 5, 1885. 11-1

**JOHN R. JONES,**  
BARRISTER-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,  
Conveyancer, &c, &c, Office in Elgin Build-  
ing, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toron-  
to.  
Toronto, June 20, 1885. 11-23

**NORTH RICHARDSON,**  
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c, Commis-  
sioner in the Queen's Bench, Office—Old  
Stand, Prospect St. Patents of Inventions procured  
Newmarket, 1885. 11-1

**INTERNATIONAL**  
**Life Assurance Society of London,**  
Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.  
ROBERT H. SMITH,  
Agent.  
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1885. 11-41

**DR. PYNE,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,  
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he  
has REMOVED to his new premises on Lydia  
Street, opposite the Wooden Factory, where he may  
be consulted at all hours, except when absent on  
professional business.  
Newmarket, May 14, 1885. 11-15

**DR. HACKETT,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c,  
RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Garbutt Hill),  
Newmarket. 11-26

**A. J. McCracken,**  
CARRIAGE MAKER, NEW MARKET,  
HAVING recently located in this place, will  
be constantly on hand a general assortment of  
CARRIAGES, such as  
BAROUCHES, ROCK-A-WAYS,  
Rough and Ready, Phaetons, Prince Alberts, Trot-  
ting Buggies, &c, &c,  
Repairing done in a neat and substantial  
manner. 11-1

**SHOP, ON MAIN STREET,**  
Three doors South of the New Era Printing Office  
Newmarket, April 15, 1885. 11-11

**DONALD SUTHERLAND,**  
WATER STREET, NEW MARKET,  
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware,  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
Ready-Made Clothing,  
China, Glass and Earthenware.  
The Highest price paid for Farm Produce.  
Cash for Wheat, Oats, &c. 7m17

**Unity Fire and Unity**  
**General Insurance Associations,**  
OF ENGLAND,  
FOR every description of Fire and Life Assur-  
ance Business.  
Capital, £2,500,000 Sterling.  
Cautious Offices—Unity Buildings, Cannon St., Lon-  
don. Toronto Branch—Toronto Street  
J. W. MARSDEN,  
Agent for the Counties of York and Simcoe.  
Newmarket, July 31, 1885. 11-35

**ROBERT BRODIE,**  
**BUILDER, & CO.,**  
In returning thanks for the liberal patronage be-  
stowed during the past few years, respectfully  
intimates that he is now prepared to contract for the  
ERECTOR OF BUILDINGS,  
and when required, find all Materials. Sleep on  
Water street.  
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1885. 11-36

**E. D. ROGERS,**  
**JOINED AND CARPENTER,**  
In returning thanks for the liberal patronage con-  
ferred since commencing business in this place, with  
respectfully intimates that he is prepared to  
contract for the  
ERECTOR OF BUILDINGS,  
and when required, find all Materials. Sleep on  
Water street.  
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1885. 11-36

**Mr. ESTEN,**  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.  
OFFICE—Next door to Mr. Boulton's Law Of-  
fice, Eagle Street, Newmarket.  
October 22, 1885. 11-38

**RYAN & HALL,**  
**CIVIL ENGINEERS,**  
AND  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.  
Office—Newmarket, County of York.  
JOHN RYAN, & W. H. HALL.  
December 23, 1884. 11-47

## Poetry.

### Nothing is Lost.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew  
That trembles on the leaf or flower  
Is but exhaled, to fall as new  
In summer's thunder shower.

Perchance to sparkle in the bow  
That fronts the sun at fall of day;  
Perchance to shimmer in the dew  
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the thistle seed,  
By wild birds borne or breezes blown;  
Finds something suited to its need,  
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.

Perchance to soothe and soothe  
To some remote and distant place,  
Or, amid the crowded homes of toil,  
Shade usefulness and grace.

The little drift of common dust,  
By the March winds disturbed and tossed,  
Though scattered by the fatal gust,  
Is changed, but never lost.

It may be blown some sturdy stem,  
Some proud oak battling with the blast,  
Or crown with verdurous tresses  
Some ruin of the past.

The furnace quenched, the flame put out,  
Still clings on earth or soars in air,  
Transformed, diffused, or blown about,  
To burn again elsewhere.

Help to make the beacon blaze,  
That gleams across the briny waste,  
Or light the social lamp, whose rays  
Illume the home of taste.

The tugging toils of mortal art,  
The breathing of some mortal lot,  
Which we have heard with listening heart,  
Are not extinct when mute.

The language of some household song,  
The perfume of some cherished flower,  
Though gone from outward sense, below  
To memory's after hour.

So with our words, or harsh or kind,  
Unheeded, they are not all forgot;  
But leave some trace upon the mind,  
Passion, yet potent, not.

As they are spoken, so they fall  
Upon the spirit spoken to,  
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,  
Or smooth like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,  
They have their power, scarce understood;  
Then let us use our better will,  
To make them use with good.

Like circles on a lake way gone,  
Rising within, and never stay,  
Oh! that our deed were fashioned so  
That they might leave a way.

Then, since these lesser things are not die,  
But work beyond our power control,  
Say, shall the suppliant for the sky?  
The greater human soul!

Ah, no! it still will spare the past,  
Joyful to be and last,  
Among the redeemed and blest.

## Literature.

### I'll Call Around and Pay.

(FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.)

"What is this?" said Mr. Redwood, with  
an indolent, half-indifferent air, he took  
a folded paper from the hand of a boy. "The  
day was Saturday—the hour about one."

"Oh! yes—I see!" he added a moment  
afterward. "Very well. Say to Barker,  
I'll call around and pay him—Can't attend  
to it just now."

Mr. Redwood's fireplace safe stood only  
six feet from the place where he was sitting—  
the clock book in sight—and the balance  
in the bank was just four thousand dollars.  
It would have taken only a slight effort, and  
consumed but two minutes time, for him to  
have drawn a check for sixty eight dollars  
and fourteen cents—the amount of Mr. Barker's  
bill. But he was in an indolent frame  
of mind, and it was so much easier to say  
"I'll call around and pay," than to rise from  
his quiet position, and go to all the trouble  
of writing a check and taking a receipt.

The boy looked disappointed, and lingered  
a moment.

"Do you understand me?" said the mer-  
chant, speaking rather sharply.

"Yes, sir; but—"

"But what?"

"It is Saturday, and—and—"

"I didn't inquire of you as to the day of  
the week," was testily answered.

The boy looked half frightened, and went  
off instantly.

"Saturday, indeed!" muttered Mr. Red-  
wood to himself. "A rare piece of informa-  
tion! A bright boy, really!—What has  
Saturday to do with the payment of my shoe-  
maker's bill?"

"Did you get the money from Mr. Red-  
wood?" asked the shoemaker as the boy  
came in. His face had an anxious look.

"No, sir. He says he'll call around and  
pay."

"When?"

"He didn't mention any time," replied the  
boy.

"Did you tell him that it was Saturday,  
and I had my workmen and workwomen to  
pay off?"

"I tried to, sir; but it seemed to make him  
angry; and as he is a good customer—"

"Too bad! too bad!" ejaculated the shoe-  
maker, breaking in upon the boy's words.  
"Call around and pay! Why didn't he  
send the money? That would have been  
easier."

Rising from his bench, the shoemaker  
went to his little pin desk, on which was an  
old square inkstand, and the stump of a  
quill, which was dignified by the name of a  
pen; and took therefrom a package of bills.  
He went over them twice before selecting  
one, for there seemed but little promise for  
that day in any of them.

"Take this to Mr. Glenn," said he to the  
boy, "and tell him that he will particularly  
oblige me if he will let me have the money.  
Say that I would not trouble him again, but  
it is Saturday, and I have my workmen to  
pay."

The boy was gone nearly half an hour.  
Mr. Glenn's store was in a distant part of  
the town, though his family, for which Mr.  
Barker worked, lived in the neighborhood.  
A dozen times before he came back had the  
anxious merchant paused in his work, and  
fixed his eyes on the door, hoping for his  
boy's return. At last he came in.

"Well, Andrew, what success?" he tried to  
speak cheerfully.

"Mr. Glenn says he will call around and  
pay."

The shoemaker's countenance fell. He let  
his eyes drop to the work in his lap, and  
bent his face downward, so that his expec-

tion might be partly concealed from the boy.

"Did you say that he would oblige me par-

ticularly by settling the bill, as it was Satur-

day, and I had my workmen to pay?"

"Yes, sir; but he turned off, saying he  
didn't wish to hear anything more from me."

Barker sighed, and for some moments sat  
very still upon his bench. Then rising slow-

ly he referred again to his package of un-

settled bills.

"Suppose you try Mr. Wharton again?"

The boy shook his head, remarking with  
some familiarity of manner, "Poor chance  
there! He's been going to call round and  
pay these three months."

"When did you see Mr. Wharton?" asked  
the shoemaker.

"Last week."

"What did he say?"

"That he would call round."

"Call round? It is only a get off! I  
am out of all patience!" and the perplexed  
shoemaker grew excited. "They're all es-

cap enough to get their work, and sharp-

spoken enough if it isn't ready to the min-

ute. But when it comes to paying, the mat-

ter is of too little consequence to claim their  
attention. Ah! here's Mayberry's account!"

—he had been running over the bills as he  
talked. "Didn't he promise to settle to-day?"

"Yes, sir, I think he did," replied the boy.

"Very well. Hurry round to his store,  
and catch him before he goes to dinner."

"The lad started off with his usual elac-

ity, and Barker sat down again to work and  
wait.

"No money!" The shoemaker read dis-

appointment in the boy's face.

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Mr. Mayberry said he had just deposited  
everything for the day, and that he couldn't  
draw a check for so small an amount.—  
Would pay on Monday."

A thin, pale, weary-looking woman open-

ed the shop-door at this moment, and came  
in. She carried a basket on her arm, from  
which she took a bundle of "uppers" that  
she had taken to close and bind.

"Here is the work, Mr. Barker," she said  
in a dejected voice. "I hope you will find  
it all right. They would have been ready  
two days ago, but my husband is very sick,  
and I've had to be up with him all night for  
three nights."

The shoemaker did not see the quality of  
the work as he took the "uppers" from the  
woman's basket and made a show of exam-

ining them. He was only thinking of the  
woman's need and her expectations. She  
had performed her part, but not a single dol-

lar had he in the house, and how was he to  
perform his part?

"How is your husband to-day?" he asked  
kindly, showing more than usual interest, for  
he felt that he had little more than sympathy  
to give.

"Not so well," replied the woman. "I  
have run down for a few minutes, and left  
him alone, quite as much to get the money  
for my work as to bring it home. The doc-

tor has ordered a little wine, and I must get  
it for him, if it takes all I have earned this  
week."

"How much does your work come to?"

"Two dollars," answered the woman.

The shoemaker went to his desk, and  
opening it, took out his cash-book, and made  
a pretence of disappointment as he turned it  
toward the woman. It did not contain a  
single copper. Then he drew forth an old  
pocket-book, and examined every compart-

ment, but with no better success.

"You are a little early, Mrs. Blythe,"  
he said, smiling, yet regretfully, "a little too  
early. I haven't received the collections for  
the day. Shall I send up the money?"

The woman sighed and looked very much  
disappointed.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Blythe—the shoe-  
maker did not manifest the slightest im-  
pudence, for he understood the case perfectly  
—but we find it very hard, sometimes to  
get in our bills. I've had Andrew running  
around around all the morning, and he has  
not collected so far. It is strange how little  
rich men think of their obligations to poor  
mechanics, who live, nearly all the  
while, from hand to mouth. If I could al-

ways get in my small bills, I would be very  
comfortable. As it is I am always in trou-

ble about money."

Mrs. Blythe stood very still, and answer-

ed no word. She was hardly possible for her  
husband again, and moreover, she had prom-

ised to bring him some wine.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Blythe," repeated  
the shoemaker; "but what is can't be help-

ed."

"True, true. I learned that long ago,"  
said the woman with a despairing sigh. "The  
lessons of poverty sink deeply into the mem-

ory."

"I will send you up the money in the  
course of an hour or two. Andrew is going  
out with some more bills. I will not trou-

ble you to go out again, as your husband is  
so ill."

Still Mrs. Blythe lingered. How could  
she return to her sick, exhausted husband  
without the wine, that was to send through  
all the courses of his blood a quickening  
spirit! She had felt as if the wine was to  
be to him the very elixir of life; and, since  
it had been mentioned by the doctor, she had  
seen that her husband's thought was  
resting upon it, to the exclusion of every-

thing else. To go home without it, there-

fore, was a serious thing, and might involve  
serious consequences; for his condition was  
one of extreme prostration, and the slightest  
cause might destroy the even balance of life  
attained, and throw a preponderance upon the  
wrong side.

Slowly at length, she moved towards the  
door.

"You will send up the money, Mr. Barker,  
right soon," she said, partly turning  
around, and looking back toward the troubled  
shoemaker.

"The moment I receive it. Andrew is  
going out with some bills immediately."

"The door opened noiselessly; with noise-  
less steps a dropping figure went out, and  
noiselessly the door was shut again. The  
only sense that took record of the circum-

stance was that of sight.

Mr. Redwood, the merchant, who thought  
his shoemaker's bill of so little consequence  
that he would not take the trouble to write a  
check in order to cancel it, left his store  
some two hours after the visit of Andrew,  
and started home to his late dinner. On his

way he passed a wine store, and dropped in  
to order a case of choice Amontillo, the fla-

vor of which he had tried and approved.

"Send it home within an hour. I wish  
bottle for my dinner," said Mr. Redwood, as  
he took out his pocket-book to pay for the  
wine.

"It shall be done," was the ready answer.

As the merchant replaced his pocket-book,  
and was buttoning up his coat over his breast,  
a poorly dressed, worn and feeble-looking  
woman came into the store, and walked back,  
with an air of timid irresolution, in whose  
the two men—the wine dealer and his  
customer, were standing.

"Well, what's wanted?" and the wine  
dealer, in a short, imperative voice.

"My husband is very low, and the doctor  
has ordered some wine." The woman's sad,  
pleading tone made it very apparent to the  
dealer that she was come to beg, and not to  
buy.

"Has he, indeed?" The voice of the wine  
dealer was half insulting.

"I failed to get the money for work, and  
I cannot go home without the wine. Oh,  
sir, if you could only trust me for a bottle, I  
will certainly come and pay you!"

"The money is earned and is promised this after-

noon."

"The wine-merchant laughed, sneeringly,  
as he made answer."

"It won't do, my good woman! The  
trick is too stale."

"But, sir—"

"The urgency of the case made Mrs. Blythe  
impulsive."

"There—there! That will do! Go  
now!" and the wine merchant waved his  
hand towards the door, impatiently. Mrs.  
Blythe turned and went away, not speaking  
another word. The eyes of Mr. Redwood  
were on her pale, thin face, and he saw there  
an expression that haunted him, as we are  
sometimes haunted by a face in a picture for  
many days afterward.

"A common dodge!" said the wine mer-  
chant, in a vulgar way, as the woman pass-

ed into the street. "If I had given her a  
bottle of wine, she would be as drunk as a  
boast in half an hour."

Mr. Redwood in whose memory that part-

ing looking of Mrs. Blythe had dauntless-  
ly, thought differently; but he gave no











